

Halo: Wrath of the Humans

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Summary: With the battle over, the Spartans regroup to remove the Cancer that is the Covenant from the Planet. Chapter 10!

1. First Encounter

Halo: Wrath of the Humans

Chapter 1: New encounter

ZR: This story came to my mind one day when I was listening to Breaking Benjamin: Blow me away...Yeah I know, wierd. The rough outline came while listening. After a few days of brainstorming, I wrote the first two chapters in the first day, nonstop. My hand hurt like hell afterword...and still does.

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>Defeat. This is what the humans knew right when the UNSC's mightiest naval base, Reach, came under attack by approximately three hundred Covenant warships. With only a hundred UNSC ships at Reach and only 15 SMAC Orbital platforms defending the planet, the humans knew that Reach would fall into the hands of the Covenant.<p><p>

However, neither the humans, nor the Covenant knew that they were being watched from billions of light-years away by a civilization even greater than the Covenant. Their name, Hiigarans. The Hiigarans looked very much like humans, almost to the point where you could barely tell the difference between the two races. But yet, they were more advanced than the Covenant.

In orbit over the planet Hiigara, the Hiigaran Navy watches in dismay as the battle unfolds before their eyes. They watch in horror as the Covenant flagship takes out three UNSC ships with its deadly energy beam. Orders were issued throughout the fleet, single ships docked

with the carriers, battle cruisers, and the Mother ship. The fleet synchronizes into parade style, and the Mother ship activates its hyperspace core. Scores of light-blue portals open before the ships, and they are pulled into hyperspace, traveling hundreds of thousands times faster than the speed of light.

Back at reach, the battle does not go well for the humans. With only a handful of Platforms remaining, and only 80 ships left in the fleet, they are running out of time. Even when the drop ships invaded the planet, and threatened to put the remaining platforms out of commission.

Aboard the Carrier, _Constellation_, the sensors officer detected something odd on the long-range sensors.

"What the hell?" he muttered to himself. There was a blip on the outskirts of the system. It was there for only a moment before it vanished off the sensors. He checked the systems to make sure he wasn't imagining this. The spectroscopic showed the object was made of an unknown material. And the radar showed the object had the mass of approximately two hundred million tons. He decided to alert the Admiral about this.

"Admiral sir, I think you should see this."

The admiral strode to his station and peered at the data, "What do you make of it son?"

"I don't know sir, what ever it was, it was huge. It appeared suddenly on the outskirts of the system, and by the time the spectroscopic and radar got a lock on it, it vanished."

The Admiral frowned, "Keep an eye out for anything, it could be more Covenant."

"M-more ships sir?"

"Possibly, but we can't tell yet." The Admiral strode back to his command chair.

"Sir, additional contacts! They're not Covenant," exclaimed the sensors officer.

"On screen."

The main view screen panned out from the covenant ships, to the newcomers who had just appeared. Light-blue squares closed behind the ships.

"Nimits, how many are there?" Asked the Admiral as he continued to gaze upon the monstrous half-oval shaped ship that held the attention of any looker.

The holo tank next to him hummed to life, and the figure of a middle-aged man in an Admiral's uniform appeared a few centimeters above the display.

"Sensor's indicate approximately two hundred ships sir. Correction 220, 280, 350, Sir, the some of the larger ships are launching single ships."

"Are they engaging any UNSC ships?"

"No sir, they're engaging the Covenant."

On the main view screen hundreds of smaller ships swarmed toward the Covenant ships, exhaust trails following their every move. Once the single ships cleared the larger ones, scores broke the parade line and engaged the Covenant ships. The Covenant launched against the newcomers, but were quickly annihilated by the sheer numbers.

The Covenant shields flared in multiple areas as the newcomers ship's fired their main guns. Many of the new ships fired beam-like weapons. Dozens of the Covenant shields flared and winked out from the energy weapons. The energy beams that made it through the shields sliced through multiple decks, cutting through the Covenant armor like a bullet to cloth. One Covenant destroyer took multiple beams, one impacted in the nose, another in the launch bays, and two through the engine compartment. Shortly after, the shields regenerated over the ship, and contained the ensuing explosion.

"Sir, I'm getting a large energy read-out from the large ship." Exclaimed the sensors officer.

"On screen."

The screen blipped and changed images. The camera now focused on the half-oval ship. Motes of light gathered on the center spines on the front of the ship. Seconds later, the energy discharged in a deep-blue color straight at the Covenant flagship, puncturing the shields as if they weren't there and began tearing through the hull of the ship. The beam dissipated and left the Flagship drifting in space. A cheer erupted across the bridge crew. This left the remaining covenant ships disoriented. Many tried to jump out system, but reappeared a short distance from where they started. They were trapped.

Then, the Admiral had an idea. He opened the FLEETCOM channel, "All ships, do not engage these new ships, we may be able to ally with them. Break formation and fire at will!"

What was left of the fleet, seventy-two ships in all, broke the rough Phalanx formation. White hot metal and gray smoke trails tore through space, colliding with unshielded or crippled ships. Energy beams, missiles, mass driver rounds, and white hot metal streaked across space, crossing paths with only a few plasma lances. Only a few Covenant ships were driven to the point of surrendering, the rest were destroyed. Reach was safe.

The newcomers single ships docked with the larger ones, and returned to the Parade formation, just outside of Reach's gravity well. Only a few ships were destroyed, the rest suffered minor damage. Dozens of ships launched from the largest ship, they then swarmed over the damaged ships, fusion torches sparkling in the blackness of space.

Three destroyers, five frigates, and cruiser and one carrier now surrounded the Covenant Flagship, still drifting in space. Three pelican drop ships launched from the cruiser, and sped toward the Flagship.

Onboard the lead pelican, call sign Charlie 259, The Master Chief played out the battle in his mind. First, the covenant somehow found Reach and attacked. Second, when all seemed lost, this new encounter with a far more advanced than the Covenant appeared out of nowhere and engaged the Covenant, decimating their invading fleet. And third, they don't appear hostile to the UNSC. Something didn't add up.

"What's wrong Chief?" Asked Fred.

The Chief looked up from the deck at Fred who sat across from him.

"Just amazed that we won with a new race, and that they seem more powerful than the Covenant."

"Same here sir."

There was a burp of static as the pilot broadcasted over the COM, _"The Flagship's shields are still down, and I'm taking us in Spartans."_

"_Roger that."_ "Replied the Chief.

The pelicans rotated 180 degrees, and began to slow down. The drop ships entered the launch bay, slowed to a stop, and settled on the deck.

"Seal your suits Spartans, there isn't an atmosphere out there." The Chief said over the Com. The Spartans cycled through the airlocks of the Pelicans, and exited the ships. Shortly after the pelicans took off, leaving the Spartans alone on the Flagship.

"We'll split into three teams. Green team, you take engineering," he highlighted those ten Spartans, _"Blue team, you sweep the ship, capture any Engineers, and if there is a prophet, secure him, we want him alive,"_ he highlighted those ten Spartans, _" The rest of you, follow me, we're taking the bridge."_

Twenty-nine acknowledgement lights winked on.

2. Infiltration:Search and Destroy

Halo: Wrath of the Humans

Chapter two: Infiltration: Search and Destroy

ZR: Chapter two! So soon, I know, the only time you'll se me posting a new chap this soon.

Disclaimer: I don't own Hamoeworld 2, nor Halo

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>Red team moved through the ship's corridors, encountering little, or no opposition. Once or twice, they found a deck breached by the massive energy beam fired by the massive by the newcomers. John was on the bridge of the Autumn when this happened. The metal had

been melted from the beam, and bent away from the point of origin.

After what seemed like hours spent wandering the corridors, they reached the doors to the bridge, which were locked. Big surprise. John retrieved two plasma grenades he took from an Elite. He ordered the Spartans to take cover in the connecting corridor. He activated the grenades, dropped them in front of the door, and sprinted to the corridor. Three seconds later, the grenades detonated. John motioned the team in front of the door, as he and Will began to pry the doors open. The doors slid six inches and stopped. Will and John repositioned, and pulled again. It wouldn't budge. Will retrieved a frag grenade, and rolled it through the opening. Thunder reverberated through the hull, as smoke and warm meat came through the doorway. Will and John again pulled the doors, and they opened all the way. Plasma bolts whined, and rifles stuttered.

"_Flash-and-clear!"_ Barked John over the SQUADCOM. He produced a flash-bang grenade and tossed it inside, the squad shielded their eyes from the flash. The plasma stopped coming at them. John motioned them inside. Half a dozen Elites and a handful of grunts had their hands up at their eyes, blinded and disoriented from the flash-bang.

Rifles fired, and the guards went down. The bridge was secure. John strode up to the elevated platform, retrieved a crystal object from his helmet, and placed it inside the console.

'So, how is it?" he asked.

"Its interesting, much different from ours," replied Cortana.

John opened the SQUAD channel, _"Green team, status?"_

"Engineering is clear Chief. The Engines are fully operational by what we can see. And the Slipspace drive appears to be undamaged."

"Roger, make sure no one gets inside."

"Roger that."

"Blue team, status?"

"Ship is clear sir. It appears that most of the crew died in decompression."

"Any survivors?"

"Yes, mostly Engineers, forty in all sir."

"Anything else?"

"As a matter of fact sir, this war may be over much sooner than you may believe."

"How so?"

_"We captured and secured a Prophet, calls himself Defiance. Possibly a minor prophet. Keeps saying something about the Hierarchs will wipe

the galaxy clean of our filth."_

John suppressed a chuckle, _"Good work Blue team. Keep him detained, and make sure those Engineers don't wander off."_

"Rojer."

"Cortana, ship status?"

"Hull integrity at twenty five percent sir, Engines fully operational, as well as the Slipspace drive. Some of the weaponry is fully capably of firing, including three plasma turrets and two laser turrets, excluding the energy beam this ship has."

"Can you move the ship?"

"Yes, only at fifty percent power, without buckling the hull."

"Affirmative, keep me updated."

"Gladly."

John opened a secure COM link to the Admiral, _"Admiral, mission accomplished, the ship is secure."_

"Any POWs?"

"Yes sir, forty Engineers, and possibly a minor Prophet."

There was a long pause, _"Good work Chief, and can you move the ship?"_

"Yes sir, the ship is able to move at fifty percent power without bulking the structure. The slipspace dive is fully operational sir."

Another long pause, _"Excellent work Chief. Humanity is grateful for your work. Bring the ship to the Naval yard at Reach, then, and make sure that the prophet is brought to the ONI ASAP. Keep those Engineers onboard the ship, they may be able to help with the repairs, and to help reverse engineer the--wait a moment."_ There was, yet another, long pause, _"Belay those orders Chief. Bring that ship to the Naval yards; I'll make sure that prophet is brought to HICOM, and those Engineers to ONI. You and your Spartans will return to HICOM on Reach, we're expecting some company soon."_

"Company sir?"

"Classified Chief, you'll see soon."

"I understand sir, Spartan 117 out." He wasn't sure if he actually understood what the Admiral meant by 'company', but it probably had to do with those newcomers out there, "Cortana, get this ship moving toward to Naval yard."

"Aye sir."

The deck rumbled slightly underneath their boots, and the ship

lurched forward toward the docks.

3. Ambassadors and Diplomacy

Halo: Wrath of the Humans

Chapter three: Ambassadors and Diplomacy.

ZR: Here ya go readers, chapter three! Much discussion in this one, I nearly fell asleep from the drawling discussions.

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>"Are you sure this is wise?"<p><p>

"You know what the prophecy said yourself General, they need our help."

The general sighed, "Your right Karan, They need our help more than they realize." The General clicked the COM button, _"Ambassador crew be ready to depart in thirty minutes. I repeat, Ambassador crew, be ready to depart in thirty minutes."_ He turned to the holographic projection of Karan S'jet, "Do you wish to go as well?"

Karan replied, "No, I'll remain here. I will be part of the conversation."

"Of course Karan."

* * *

>Thirty minutes later the Ambassador's shuttle launched from the Pride Of Hiigara, escorted by Alpha Squadron Interceptors. It was a short flight to the naval docks, considering how fast they were going. Off to their right, the crippled flagship was now swarmed by techs in EVA suits. Several tubes connected to the ship to the docks, as well as three gangways.<p><p>

In front of them, the Naval docks spread out to their left and right. As they closed in, a large metal door opened, and red light began flashing one on either side of the door. A set of instructions appeared on the pilot's console of the Shuttle, and on the Interceptors, instructing the ships to dock in the bay.

The shuttle and its escorts slowed as they approached the large door. Once they entered, metal claws grasped each ship, and the door eased shut. The large metal claws slowly lowered the ships to the deck. Once they touched the bottom, the bay pressurized, and the door leading to the interior of the docks opened enough for three people to walk through. Two were heavily armed MPs, the third was Admiral Whitcomb.

As they approached the ships, the five interceptor's hatches opened, allowing the pilots to step out. Each held to what appeared to be a small rifle. Then the Ambassador and his pilot stepped out from their ship. The shuttle pilot, like the other pilots, wore a flight suit that had a robin's egg blue to it. Upon the left breast, was a

peculiar insignia, and again on the shoulders. The Ambassador however, wore robes with blues of all shades and tints. His head was shaved bald, and he had no facial hair what so ever. Upon his forehead, was tattooed the same insignia as the pilots on their flight suit.

He stepped forward to the Admiral and his guards and bowed, "Greeting I am Ko'ota Soban. I am the ambassador for the Hiigarans."

"So your race, the Hiigarans, came here and assisted us when we received no foreword of your arrival."

"Correct, we've been watching you for some time now. Almost two years now. When we saw what was happening here, we decided to make ourselves present."

"Why now, and not sooner?"

"We saw that your forces were heavily outnumbered, and that this planet is of great importance to you. Is this your homeworld?"

"Humanity's? No not this world." Whitcomb turned back toward the door, "Come, this isn't the place to talk."

"Agreed. Lead, we shall follow."

Whitcomb led the Ambassador out of the docking bay, through a series of hallways filled with pilots, techs, and marines. Each stared at the Hiigaran pilots, but more so at the Ambassador. After taking a short ride down an elevator, they arrived at another shuttle bay; this was the shuttle to planet side. However, this was the Admirals private shuttle, and was to be escorted by three Long sword Interceptors. The Admiral led the Ambassador onto the shuttle, along with both their guards. Once the shuttle bay was clear of personnel, the massive doors opened, allowing the shuttle, along with the escorts to leave the bay, and head toward the planet.

Deep underground, within the HICOM facility, the Defense council waited, save for Whitcomb, who was to meet the Ambassador. Along with the Defense Council, was the Master Chief. Dr. Halsey requested that he be present at the meeting, in order to fill in the Spartans on what was discussed. He stood behind the desks of the council, he was here to observe, and nothing else.

There was a small beep at Lord Hood's terminal. Hood answered and listened to a small voice, "Yes, bring him in," he replied softly. The doors opened, and light spilled into the room briefly, silhouetting a man in robes, then closed behind him. John's eyes adjusted to the dim light, but the screens for the defense council played hell with his vision, so he could barely see his facial features.

A light snapped on, showing where he would sit, directly in front of the council. He had his own, however small, table. Another light snapped on, following his progress to the table. As he sat down, lights snapped on over the council, and Whitcomb as he sat down at his seat.

Hood cleared his throat before he spoke, "So, exactly who are

you?"

"I represent the Hiigarans. Many decades ago, we were one of the greatest civilizations in our galaxy. But something happened to our race that led us to our banishment," he reached into his robes and drew out a light-blue box. He placed the box onto the table, "If you could please dim the lights." The lights in the room dimmed to a low glow, "Thank you. Now," he activated the device, and a holographic projection of a spiral galaxy spilled into the room. Members of the council awed at the clearness of the projection, "We were banished to a remote system, on a planet called Kharak, near the edge of the galaxy," the projection zoomed in to one of the arms of the galaxy to a desert world, with only a few patches of green near the poles, " WE stayed there for many years. WE eventually forgot our past. Then after finding an ancient city built around a large ship in the desert sea, we discovered a way off our accursed world, and a map to our home planet called Hiigara. The way out of the system was called Hyperspace."

"What is Hyperspace?" asked a female officer.

"Hyperspace is another dimension, where our ships can travel faster than the speed of light."

"Just like Slipspace," remarked Ackerson.

"Slipspace? No, much different. Your slipspace capabilities are limited to the fact that you can't travel much faster than light, and that your accuracy is very poor. Hyperspace allows us to travel thousands of times faster than light, and have pinpoint accuracy. We can traverse great distances of space in a relatively short period of time."

Ackerson's face grew slightly red from embarrassment. The Ambassador took no notice, "We back engineered the technology found within the ship, and created our own ship, we incorporated the original hyperspace core into the ship we built, called the Mothership. The Mothership was designed to deliver six hundred thousand colonizers, along with the crew of the ship, back to Hiigara, "The mage now showed the first Mothership, almost identical to the one above their heads, "It took us twenty years just to complete the construction of the scaffolding for the Mothership, and another sixty to complete the Mothership."

"How do you control a ship that size? And so many ships to control as well?" asked an Admiral.

"I'll show you...or better yet, I'll let Karan show you," the image changed once again to the face of Karan S'jet. The council member were startled at her sudden appearance, "This is Karan S'jet. Since no AI could control the ship, Karan decided to incorporate herself into the Mothership directly."

"How is this even possible? How is it that you can incorporate a human's body into the ship directly?" scowled Ackerson.

"I was the leading scientist for nano technology," replied Karan calmly, " WE used nano technology to incorporate my body and my mind into the ship. In a sense, the ship and I are one."

"Almost like the Mjolnir armor, interesting," thought John.

"Tell me, what is this Mjolnir armor?"

"How do you know about the Mjolnir armor?" said Hood imploringly.

"That man behind you said the this 'Mjolnir' armor is similar to the Mothership. Since he probably knows more about it, I want _his_ answer."

The defense council turned to look at the Chief. He looked at Hood who nodded.

"The Mjolnir armor was designed to create the 'super' soldier. The armor uses an interface that translates thought into motion.. Basically one has to think the action, and one does the action. However the armor multiplies the users strength, and speed so greatly, that a normal human would die from his own pain-induced spasms if he broke any bone. That's why Spartans, such as my self, who are augmented to use the armor."

"How many Spartans are there?"

"Only thirty, but we can take on hundreds of covenant soldiers with only a handful of us."

"Interesting. You may continue Ko'ota."

"Thank you Karan." Ko'ota then told of the Hiigaran's voyage across the galaxy to their home planet. He told them of the Beast and its terrible power, and he told them of the war with the Vaygr.

After he had finished, many were stunned, including Ackerson. Hood however, was not. He clasped his hands on the table, " Thank you Ko'ota. I'll have Cortana send you the data on our history and technology."

"There's no need. We've already gathered enough information on your technology."

"Explain how you did that," growled Ackerson, his face growing red.

"When we entered the system we gathered the information. We, more or less, hacked into your system, and gathered the information we needed. Histories, technology, star charts. Thing of that nature."

Ackerson's face grew even redder, that this race hacked I to their systems when they weren't looking.

"Now, about your fleet. WE can upgrade your ships to be up to our standards."

"How so?" asked an Admiral.

"We can upgrade your armor, install shield technology, much better than the covenant technology. Also, we can add mass drivers and Ion cannons to your arsenal."

"Ion cannons?"

"The cannons use charged ions," The image change to the picture of an Ion Frigate, "The advantage of this is that you can change the frequency of the ions to match that of the enemies shields. Thereby literally passing through the shields completely."

"Pass through the shields? That alone could turn the tide of this war."

"We can also aid you in the construction of your own Mothership vessel if you wish."

"Like the one you showed us?"

"Yes. The Mothership is able to construct any ship class, except Mothership class. A moving shipyard, if you will."

"If you excuse us, we would like to discuss this privately."

"Of course." The ambassador stood, bowed and exited the room.

It was another fifteen minutes before the Ambassador was admitted back into the room. When he entered, only Lord Hood was there, standing near where his desk was, "We've discussed our options and have decided that we accept your offer. And we accept you offer to aid us in the construction of a Mothership"

"Excellent, very good. What shape would you prefer it in?"

"I believe we will leave that up to your engineers."

"Very good. Where do you wish the ship to be constructed?"

"Earth, it would be a serious morale boost to the humans."

"Ah, I see. Very well, we'll see that the scaffolding is delivered as soon as possible. In the mean time, why don't we upgrade your fleet?"

"Thank you, you don't know how much this means to humanity."

"You're welcome. And there is something I need to tell you."

"Yes? What is it?"

"It seems in our search that we've discovered that one of your officers is conducting some, illegal actions," he gave Hood a small disk, "This contains all the information you'll need on him. I hope justice will be wrought on his terrible deeds."

* * *

>ZR: oww..the pain..my hands hurt...oww...HOPE YOU LIKE! <div>

Chapter four: UNSC 2.0

ZR: Here ya are readers, the fourth chapter of quite possible, my most succeceful Halo story. Hope you like the double wammy surprise!

Disclaimer: I don't Own Halo now Homeworld/2

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>It was another five years before the scaffolding was fully constructed in orbit around Earth, and another eight before the UNSC's first Mothership was completed. By this time, the Hiigaran and Human forces have opened up a massive trade route with each other, they have regained all of the systems that fell to the covenant, and have captured at least a dozen worlds owned by the Covenant. Because of several captured Covenant ships, and AI, they've finally translated Covenant write, and know all the locations of the Covenant held worlds, except for the homeworld.<p><p>

Now, thanks to the technology supplied by the Hiigarans, the UNSC's fleet was nearly the strength of the Hiigaran's, and both were steadily climbing. The Hiigaran's fleet numbered nearly six hundred ships, and the UNSC not too far behind.

The UNSC's Mothership had to undergo final tests before it would actually launch. Then it would rendezvous with her full crew, consisting of both Hiigaran and Humans at Reach. This new Mothership, called the _Hopeful Guardian_, also incorporates the Technology used in the _Pride of Hiigara_, the Hiigaran's Mothership. The human used in the _Guardian_ is a man. He had experience with similar technology, and the only human to ever have a close relationship with an AI. Previously know as Master Chief Petty Officer, Spartan 117.

The _Guardian_ was very similar to the _Pride_ is structural design, save for the Phased Cannon Array the _Pride_ had. At either end of the ship, it tapered to points with sensor arrays adding to the _Guardian's_ overall height. The entrance and exits for the Fighters and Corvettes were separate, allowing more room for crew. Other than that, the _Pride_ and the _Guardian_ were very similar.

"Systems check complete, all systems operating at nominal levels. Standby for main drive test."

The engines glowed a ghostly blue briefly, pushing the _Guardian_ outward from the scaffold, the died, letting the _Guardian_ float silently back to her original position.

"Engines running smoothly. Standby for resource collection capabilities."

A small insect-like ship launched itself from the _Guardian_, and sped toward the ten resource capsules stationed nearby. Its robotic arms, deployed from the belly of the ship, got a magnetic lock on the module, and brought it back to the _Guardian_ for processing.

"Robotic resource collecting units operating at nominal levels."

Standby for production capabilities." Slowly, over the course of several hours, the _Guardian's_ first Fighter facility was complete, "Fighter facility complete, begin construction of a fighter squadron."

It took another hour for the interceptor squadron to be constructed. Although they had the same delta shape as the long swords, they had no missile pods; instead, there were four gun emplacements for its armament. The scaffolding then launched nine target drones for the newly constructed squadron. They flew off immediately, and destroyed all nine targets swiftly.

"Fighter combat test complete. Standby for hyperspace test. All ships must dock immediately."

The lone resource collector and the interceptor squadron quickly docked with the _Guardian_. Soon after, a blue hyperspace gate opened up directly in front of the _Guardian_, and the ship was pulled into hyperspace.

Several hours later, the _Guardian_ exited Hyperspace three kilometers from the naval docks. During its flight, three more interceptor squadrons were completed, as well as three more resource drones. Scores of ships patrolled the system, destroyers, frigates, battle cruisers, and carriers, both Hiigaran and Human. Also, thirty platforms now defended the planet, no longer powered by planet-side generators. Each now had its own separate generators. Also, the platforms were no longer just MACs; Super Ion Cannons also populated them. NO other planet, save for Earth, had this massive defense grid.

Six rectangular ships launched from the floating repair-and-refit stations orbiting the planet, and made their way to the _Guardian_. One by one, the ships docked and transferred the crews to _Guardian_. Soon after the ships docked and returned to the Naval docks, the _Guardian_ hyperspaced to the Oort cloud.

There, the _Guardian_ gathered resources, and built up its own fleet, in order to defend itself, and other planets. Over the course of many months, the _Guardian_ created a sufficient force of two dozen fighter squadrons, and corvette squadrons, eight flak frigates, seven torpedo frigates, seven Ion frigates, four Carriers, and ten destroyers. Aiding in the construction process, the shipyard, _Nexus_, rendezvoused with the _Guardian_ halfway through the construction.

The _Nexus_ was currently constructing six Marine frigates, four Battle Cruisers, and the first of its type, the Battleship. The new battle ship was revolutionary because of an entirely new class, the Super Capital ship class. It sported Six Ion cannons, three on the dorsal, three on the ventral, Four Torpedo tubes, ten flak turrets, ten Mass drivers, and two MAC guns. This was the perfect ship for war. It was designed to hold its own against nearly twenty capital ship class Covenant ships, and still come out punching. A single generator supplied it with the abilities necessary to do so. It had a magnetic field generator, powerful enough to dissipate any plasma torpedo fired by the covenant ships. Even its superstructure could withstand massive amounts of damage, without breaking. Finally, within its arsenal, was an EMP probe. The EMP probe would be launched into the enemy fleet, and create an Electro Magnetic Pulse, that

would disable any ship within range, for two hours, long enough to succumb to the fleet.

Because of the sheer size of the ship, the Nexus had to be much larger than the Nabaal. She was nearly one thousand two hundred meters longer, three hundred meters wider, and five hundred meters taller.

Once the Frigates and Battle Cruisers were completed, Construction on the Battle ship went underway. The entire construction process was widely publicized, all the way to the commissioning of the ship. This was mostly done for morale purposes, both military, and publicly. Construction took nearly a week and a half, but it was finally completed.

Once the Battleship cleared the shipyard, the Nexus hyperspaced back to Reach. The new battle ship, now part of the Guardian fleet, joined up with the rest of the ships in formation. The Battle Cruisers were dwarfed by the firepower and size of the ship.

Now that the fleet had been completed, it was time to depart the system. The resource drones docked with the Guardian, the ships gathered in parade style formation, with the new Battleship floating gracefully near the Guardian. The ships synchronized their Hyperspace cores, and Hyperspaced toward a Covenant held world.

* * *

>ZR: How'd ya like the Battleship? After I finished writing the part about it, I shed a small tear. YES I SHED TEARS! It was so perfectly pictured in my mind. So beautiful it was...Anyway, Reviews are well accepted. <div>

5. Many Unknowns

Halo: Wrath of the Humans

Chapter Five: Many Unknowns.

ZR: YES! Finally the fifth Chapter. Halloween is in a few hours, and I can't wait! CANDY SUGAR, HERE I COME!

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>The Fleet exited hyperspace within the Oort cloud of the Covenant held system. The system's three stars shone brilliantly. Two in the center, and one orbiting slowly around the others, putting all planets between the three in eternal daylight. Six planets occupied the system, four in eternal daylight, which were uninhabitable the other two were habitable. The first of the four uninhabitable planets was black and charred, covered by thousands of very active volcanoes. The second and third were very much alike, desert planets, high winds blew the ocean sand into massive sandstorms that could cover the planet for weeks on end. Impenetrable clouds that covered the entire planet obscured the fourth. Of the two habitable planets, only one was occupied by the Covenant. It was the farther of the two, orbiting it, was a massive repair-and-refit station, named the *Unyielding Hierophant*. The closer planet had only one moon as its companion. And a large object in between the two bodies, but sensors could not

see what it was at this distance.

Whispers of communications swept past the _Guardian _fleet, all seven hours old. Talks of repairing ships, ancient artifacts, and a fortress world dotted the frequencies. Both the Hiigaran fleet and the Human fleet were fully aware of such worlds, called Halo. These fortress worlds were massive rings, with their own gravity, atmosphere, and environments, even life forms. When the fleets came across the first one by using the data from a captured covenant ship. They studied the construct, and learned a terrible secret contained within these "ring worlds". These worlds were used by an extinct race known as the Forerunners to contain a parasitic species, known as "The Flood", all seven of them. The first one discovered was quickly destroyed; all evidence of it was turned to space particles.

The fleet then hyperspaced once again, this time, just outside of the enemy's sensor's range. As soon as the gates closed, the Battle ship launched one of its EMP drones. The drone darted through space, passing scores of ships, although seen, it was hard to discern it from the numerous other ships that cluttered their sensors. The drone stopped, its position to affect nearly all of the ships within the area. The drone activated the EMP, and killed the Covenant ship's power, including the _Unyielding Hierophant._

With their power systems dead, and the ships floating in space, the _Guardian _fleet moved in to "clean house". The, literally, lifeless, ships were no match against the onslaught of ion beams, MAC rounds, torpedoes, and mass driver rounds that tore through the Covenant ship's armor plating and internal structures. The new Battleship, although massive, kept right up with even the frigates as they swept the dead in space ships.

Several ships out of the EMPs range closed in to engage the fleet. The Battleship disengaged with the fleet, and moved to counter the Covenant ships, which consisted of mainly Frigates, and a few Destroyers. Motes of light collected on the dorsal Ion cannons, as three frigates came within range. The cannons fired, impacting two of the ships, tearing through the shields, and shredding the hull of the ships, leaving them either spinning, or drifting in space venting atmosphere. Seconds later, one of the ships exploded, as the engines went critical. The third one fired a single plasma torpedo. The blazing ball of plasma tore through empty space, but dissipated only a hundred meters from the ship's hull, casting its own aurora upon the ship. The Battleship sported its own Magnetic Field Generator to dissipate the plasma torpedoes used by the Covenant. However, it had to be deactivated when the Battleship fired its MACs.

As soon as the aurora's colorful display disappeared, the Battleship fired two MAC rounds at the frigate. The first one impacted the shield, overloading it, and shutting it down, the second, punctured the ship, and ripped a gaping hole in the ship, leaving the ship to float in space without any power, or atmosphere.

The Battleship turned and faced the Destroyer, which had already fired two plasma torpedoes. The torpedoes arced, and struck the ventral side of the magnetic shield, dissipating them upon impact. The Battleship fired a MAC round at the Destroyer, tearing through the shield, and grazing the side of the ship, leaving a long gash, and the ship drifting in space. The Battleship moved to point-blank range, along side of the destroyer, and opened up on the Destroyer

with every Mass driver cannon. The mass driver rounds pummeled the hull of the ship. Its hull became pocket marked with hole and tears as the Ion cannons fired as well. One of the rounds must have found something critical, as sections of the hull ballooned and streamed out tendrils of plasma.

The Battleship moved farther away from the ship, just as its shields came back to life, just as a large explosion ripped apart a large section of the hull, and arced back from the shield. The shields held as more explosions tore the ship apart, and finally died as the ship was completely decimated.

Another Plasma torpedo dissipated on the aft section of the magnetic shield. A Cruiser that hid behind a drifting Carrier fired this one. Unfortunately the Magnetic shield could not stop the pulse lasers, as the Cruiser fired upon the Battleship, and struck sections of the energy shield.

The Ion turrets rotated, and fired upon the Cruiser. The Ion beams ripped through the shields, and created angry tears in the Cruiser's hull. Seconds after the Ions stopped firing; the ship erupted into a plasma fireball.

With the last of the surviving ships destroyed, the Battleship maneuvered back with the fleet as they continued destroying the ships. Soon after, the remaining ships came back online, but did not fire on the fleet.

On the bridge of the _Guardian,_ the communications officer, named Michael Slavorski, was receiving a transmission from one of the Covenant Carriers.

"Sir, incoming transmission from the Covenant Carrier."

"On screen."

The center view screen blipped from the view of debris filled space, to the face of a gold-clad Elite. An angry scar ran down his left eye to the tip of his lower mandible.

"_Thank the gods that you've arrived. We need your help more than ever."_

"How so?" replied the Admiral.

"_The Covenant is in the middle of a civil war. The Prophets have betrayed us, my race. And because they pushed us aside, they angered us. They replaced the Honor Guards with those despicable Brutes! Those retched animals have no honor!"_

"Is there anyone else with you?"

"_Yes, the Grunts and Hunters have sided with us. The rest are with the Prophets. There are more ships stationed at the Halo construct, which is still under our control. The Flood has not been released yet. Not too long ago before your arrival, we intercepted a transmission from a Brute-controlled ship, they called for reinforcements. Quite possibly more than your fleet can handle. IT would be wise to call for reinforcements."_

"Agreed. I'll see what we can do, in the mean time, gather what ships you can. We're going to need the firepower if our fleet can't handle them."

"_Or course. The Prophets will pay with their lives for what they have done to us!"_

The COM channel was disconnected.

"John, did you get all of that?"

"_Yes Admiral, the message has been sent. I hope we can get enough ships."_

"I hope so too, in the mean time, we should build up our fleet in case we still don't have enough."

Agreed Admiral Nagumo. Resource drones dispatched. Commencing construction of two mobile refineries, four additional fighter squadrons, three additional bomber squadrons, three torpedo frigates, and an additional destroyer."

"Good, I hope those reinforcements arrive soon."

They didn't have to wait long for reinforcements. After the two mobile refineries were deployed with three drones each, a carrier force arrived, bringing with it six interceptor and four bomber squadrons under the command of Captain Martz. Shortly after, another carrier force arrived, this one with two carriers, consisting of eight interceptor squadrons, six bomber squadrons, three Gunship squadrons, three pulsar squadrons, two Flak Frigates, three Torpedo frigates, three Ion Frigates, and one Marine frigate, under the command of Vice Admiral Vladimir.

"Is this all? This isn't enough," muttered Nagumo.

"Sir, additional Hyperspace contacts. My godâ€¦"

"What is it Slavorski?"

"It's the _Pride of Hiigara_."

"On screen now!"

The view screen went from the debris filled space, to center on the _Pride_. Although the _Pride_ and _Guardian_ were the same size, and relatively similar structural design, no ship could match the _Pride_ in any shape or form. With just the experience of Karan S'jet, they've survived every hostile encounter. Along with the Pride, came fifteen Torpedo frigates, ten flak frigates, and Ion frigates, seven Marine frigates, sixteen Destroyers, seven Battle Cruisers, and hundreds of fighter and corvette-corvette class ships.

"Sir, we're being hailed by the _Pride_."

"Patch it through."

The screen changed once again, to the face of Admiral Shakta'a, in command of the Hiigaran fleet.

"Do you require assistance Nagumo?"

"Yes sir. Right now, the Covenant is in the middle of a civil war. The Elites wish to side with us. The Prophet's fleet is on its way here. They are reported to be bringing with them more ships than we can handle. Any assistance you can provide will be greatly appreciated."

"Understood, Karan and John will discuss our options in this situations. In the mean time, we have something for the _Guardian_. I'm sending the details now."

"What s it sir?"

> "Something that everyone will appreciate Nagumo."<p>

The Screen winked out, displaying the _Pride_ and her fleet once more.

"Receiving packet from the _Pride_."

"Send it through to my station."

"Aye sir."

On the Admiral's personal screen that was attached to the right arm of the chair, blue prints of the _Guardian_ winked to life, as well as the new addition for the ship. The Admiral grinned as he looked over the blueprints.

"Send this down to engineering now, I want this up and running as soon as possible!"

* * *

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ZR: You know the routine,read and review please!

6. Unfathomable power

Halo: Wrath of the Humans

Chapter six: Unfathomable power

One week later, the _Hopeful Guardian's_ new weapon was nearly complete. The combined fleets had repelled two reconnaissance detachments, but nothing major as of late. The _Guardian's_ new weapon was terrifyingly powerful. The _Guardian_ was now fitted with a massive cannon array. The cannon used six ion cannons that would focus their beams onto an array that would then project the focused beams to their target. Its range was almost hard to comprehend. It could reach out and touch an object nearly seventy kilometers distant. The beam was wire thin, and had the same power of each individual beam combined. The beam would not only puncture an enemy ship, but also continue on past the ship, in the computer models anyway.

During this week period, an additional three bomber squadrons, two torpedo frigates and another Ion frigate were added to the _Guardian_

fleet. The other fleets, excluding the Covenant, had also built up their fleets. In addition to the fleets stationed there, a colonization force arrived earlier in the week, setting up another base at the first habitable planet, now named Santeria.

Nagumo sat in his command chair, gazing out toward the planet before them. The crystal blue waters of the oceans, the forests and rolling plains green with life. As the planet slowly rotated, a large storm came into view. It was situated in the northern region of the planet, over a large northern continent already blanketed by snow and ice. The picturesque view almost gave him a sense of peace. Almost.

"Sensors sweep complete Admiral, nothing new sir."

"What about slipspace?"

"A comet sir, but that's it."

Even today no one knew how comets somehow plowed their way into slipspace.

"Incoming transmission from the Rebel Covenant fleet."

"Patch it through."

On the main view screen, the face of the same gold elite's face came into view; "Rebel reinforcements are on their way within one hour. Do not fire upon them."

"Good more ships," muttered Nagumo.

"Another transmission, coming from the Pride." The communications officer's hands danced over the keypads, "Patching it through now sir."

The screen blipped from Santeria to Shakta'a's slightly haggard face, "All ships to general quarters! Inbound Vaygr forces, ETS ninety minutes! I repeat, all ships to general quarters. Any ship with a Grav. Field generator, start powering them up, I want those generators up and running **after **the reinforcements arrive! Rebel covenant, move your ships closer to ours." The link closed. Many officers, more Hiigaran than human, had their mouths agape from the Admiral's sudden orders.

'You heard the Admiral!' barked Nagumo, "Get every ship in our fleet with a Gravity field generator to have them ready to activate in ten minutes! Have our fleet rendezvous with the Pride's fleet ASAP!"

"Aye aye Admiral. Plotting course, two-three-zero by one-zero degrees. Engines answering at one hundred percent."

"Gravity field generators charging up. Currently at twenty-five percent and climbing at a rate of five percent a minute."

"All squadrons are on standby status. They're ready to launch at your command."

"MAC Cannons charging up sir. Currently at eight percent, climbing at

a rate of one percent a minute."

As the crew scurried about on the command deck, Nagumo's mind raced with numerous thoughts. In the entire war, there had been no encounter with the Vaygr forces. New tactics were going to be needed in this battle. But one particular thought tugged at the back of his mind. Why were the Vaygr coming here? What was their motive? And most importantly, were they, god forbid, allied with the Covenant? Nagumo prayed that they didn't; otherwise, this war would last much, much longer.

"Gravity well generators fully charged sir!"

"Keep them hot until the rebel forces arrive."

As he finished his sentence, pinpoints of light appeared ahead of the combined fleet. The lights grew larger, and expelled more Covenant ships. Another sixty ships had arrived, mostly frigates, a few destroyers and battle cruisers, a handful of carriers, and a single flagship, bristling with plasma turrets and laser turrets.

Nagumo sighed mentally; it was only another hour until the Vaygr forces arrived. The newly arrived ships maneuvered closer to the assembled fleet. It seemed that they too were a little on the edge with so much firepower surrounding them.

"Deploy the Gravity field."

"Aye sir, deploying Gravity field."

With so many Fields protecting the fleet, it would be impossible to get even close to the fleet.

It was another agonizingly slow fifty minutes before the MACs were fully charged. Ten minutes left to go. Sweat began to bead on Nagumo's forehead. His hands gripped his command chair tighter until his knuckles were ghostly white. His jaws clenched until pain shot through his temples.

When the one minute mark came, Nagumo ordered the single ships to be launched. Thirty seconds left.

"Start scanning everything, put it on maximum range."

"Aye sir."

Ten seconds. The five seconds, four, three, two, one.

"Hyperspace signature detected! Estimated over one hundred fifty ships sir! Wait, this can't be right."

"What s it? What's wrong?"

"Additional ships sir, but, they're Covenant."

* * *

><p><p>

ZR: DUH DUH DUHHH! I love cliffies...

7. Big Guns

Halo: Wrath of the Humans

Chapter seven: Big Guns.

ZR: I love leaving the readers hanging like the last chapterâ€|. Anyway, here's chapter seven of WOTH!â€|. Or Wrath of the Humans for you N00bz.

* * *

>"How many covenant ships are there?" asked Nagumo.<p><p>

"Checking now Admiral," replied John. "Sensors indicate at least three hundred ships, including the Vaygr fleet."

"My god," muttered Nagumo, "This is on the verge of suicidal." Nagumo pinched the bridge of his nose, " John, what are our options?"

"I suggest that we make a micro jump behind the enemy, completely surrounding them so that this won't become a shooting gallery."

"Any others?"

"Using the Battleship's EMP drone, but it may not reach its optimum position in time admiral."

"Only one option then." He quickly opened a COM channel with the _Pride_.

"What is it Nagumo?"

"Admiral Shakta'a, I'm going to try and micro jump behind the enemy. That way, this battle won't become a shooting gallery."

"Understood Nagumo. Do what you can. Shakta'a out."

"John, get our Hyperspace drives running now!"

"Aye Admiral, Hyperspace core charging up. Ten percent charge and climbing."

"Enemy ships on the move. Five-hundred kilometers and closing," announced the Sensors officer.

"How much longer John?"

"Two minutes sir."

"Incoming transmission sir, its Engineering."

"On screen."

The main view screen blipped from the view of Santeria, to the head of Engineering in an orange clad uniform, with the UNSC insignia on the left breast of the uniform, "Sir," the man gave him a crisp salute, "The main cannon is fully operational, it is ready to fire on

your command."

"Thank you Major."

The screen winked out.

"John, what is the maximum range on the cannon?"

"The Ion cannon array's maximum range is exactly ninety kilometers"

"Good. John you have control of the ICA, as soon as they come in range, let them have it."

"With pleasure." John replied with a hint of smugness.

Two minutes passed, "Hyperspace core fully charged. Ready to initiate Hyperspace jump on your command."

"Right, keep it hot. What's the distance on those ships?"

"One hundred kilometers sir. Coming in range in twenty seconds sir."

Twenty seconds passed quickly, "Enemy ships in range sir!"

"Open fire!"

The six ion cannons fired, their beams collected onto the array. An instant later, a wire thin line shot at the speed of light toward the enemy armada. The Ion beam, impacted a Vaygr cruiser, punched through the shielding and armor through to the Vaygr Carrier behind it. Seconds later, it fired again, impacting a Covenant Carrier, and Destroyer. The Carrier veered off course, and collided with two Frigates, crushing their hulls, and exploded into a fiery super nova, engulfing the Destroyer. The cannon fired a third time, this time, panning sideways to neatly slice five Vaygr Frigates in half. The cannon fired a fourth time, puncturing a Covenant Destroyer, two Frigates, a Cruiser, and a Carrier.

"That's enough! Initiate Hyperspace!" barked Nagumo

The light-blue portals opened in front of the _Guardian _fleet, and pulled the ships into hyperspace. They reappeared in a beat of an eye, behind the enemy armada. As soon as the gates closed behind the ships, all of the single ships launched, and every long-range weapon, including the ICA, was fired. Dozens of Ion cannons, torpedoes, and white-hot MAC rounds filled the vacuum. Scores of Vaygr and Covenant ships alike fell before the onslaught.

Dozens more broke formation and attempted to flee the battle, only to be stopped by the numerous gravity field generators active. Nagumo noticed something on his TAC display, near the edge of the enemy fleet. A large blob was moving slowly toward Santeria. However, the blob separated into numerous smaller blobs, and continued to move toward the planet.

"This can't be right," Nagumo mumbled, "Aft camera. Get me a view of the planet."

The secondary screen blipped to the view of Santeria.

"John, Spectroscopic analysis of the objects moving toward the planet?"

"One moment. Covenant ships sir. They appear to be an invasion force."

"Damnit." Nagumo muttered, "Order all single ships to turn around, and deal with the invasion force. Take out as many ships as they can!"

"Aye sir."

The single ships broke off their attack and sped toward the planet as fast as their engines would let them.

"They won't make it in time. Cancel that order, order all ground troops to get prepped ASAP. I want them ready for a fight.!"

Down in the launch bays, vehicles were moving to and fro about the bays, transporting troops and supplies to the various. Tanks stood parked, waiting to be picked up, their massive cannons pointed into the interior of the bays menacingly. LRVs scurried about, APCs began loading up with troops

One particular group of soldiers, looked much different from the normal GIs. They stood, all two hundred of them, at attention in black-clad armor, Silver visors shielding their faces from view. One such soldier, strode up the double line of troops.

"Alright Spartans, we've got an invasion to halt! I want all of you to do what you do best. And what might that be?"

"Search and destroy, annihilate, and obliterate our opposition sir!" They replied in perfect unison.

"That's right. Now load up in those drop ships. Move out, triple time!"

These were the new Spartan soldiers. Thanks again to the Hiigaran technology, they were faster, tougher, and stronger than ever. The medical technologies allowed each new Spartan to survive the augmentation process, and avoid all of the dangerous side effects.

The new Armor system employed many features that were not previously thought of, a cloaking generator. Unlike the cloaking device used by the Covenant, this one gave off little heat. Also, the new armor system employed a layer that could heat up or cool down to mask the heat signature of the soldier. The Spartan was now stealthy and deadly.

The drop ships loaded up, and flew out of the launch bays They were to rendezvous with the planet's defense forces, and aid in repelling the invasion force.

* * *

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ZR: Come on, you knew it was going to happen. New Mjolnir Armor and SPARTANS. Come on, its part Halo fan fic.

8. Ground Engagements

Halo: Wrath of the Humans

Chapter Eight: Ground Engagements

ZR: Sorry for the long delay. I had matters to attend toâ€|and the fact I lost all of my documents in a file transfer to a new computerâ€|..It sucks.

* * *

>Spartan 684 and Spartan 709 were more closely related than any other Spartan. They were long lost brothers separated by light years of empty space. 709 was the older brother, 684 was the younger. 709 was proficient with all types of weaponry, mainly heavy weapons, Human, Hiigaran, or Covenant. 684 had a knack for explosivesâ€|And getting himself into trouble when he shouldn't be. However, these incidents moved him up to the rank of 1st Lieutenant. Only his brother, and Spartan 590, the leader of the Spartans, had higher rank than he. Even they didn't know that another one of these incidents was about to occur.<p><p>

"Blue-two, what's your status?"

"Lure is ready to go boss."

"Blue-three, Status?"

"Ready to go sir."

"Blue-four, Status?"

"Explosives set, and ready to detonate."

"Roger. Blue-three and four rendezvous at my location and be ready to clear the main camp."

Blue-one, Spartan 709, sighed slightly. This mission was tough, even for a Spartan. The plan was to distract the Covenant out of their secondary camp, just five clicks south of their position. They were to keep them distracted long enough for Red team to drop off the "Presents" under each Tree, AKA the power generators. Thus knocking out the power to the entire base, and allowing a carpet bombing run on the covenant base. But this is what Spartans are trained to do, defeat the enemy at minimal cost of lives.

Three minutes later, Blue three and four materialized in front of his eyes from the thick jungle underbrush. Both snapped a crisp salute. 709 returned the salute.

"So, you ready?"

"Ready as we'll ever be sir." Replied 684.

"Us three will wait outside the base for Jessica. She will be the one who takes care of the lookouts. Martin, your job is to take out the base coordinators. Myself and Bryan will soften their forces before we lead the out of the base. Clear?"

"Yes sir", they replied.

Bryan hefted the Rocket Launcher, Will, Spartan 709, loaded his rifle, and martin grabbed a silenced SMG, three combat knives, and a grey tubular object.

"You're bringing that thing?" Asked Bryan.

"Hey, if it cuts, it works."

'Well then I'm bringing one too."

"Alright Bryan, follow me, and stay close. We don't want you getting into trouble again."

"Trouble finds me bro, I don't find it."

"Right."

The three of them activated their cloaking devices, and slipped into the underbrush.

At the Covenant camp, the entire base was buzzing with activity. A few Jackals kept watch on the perimeter. Drones buzzed about in single mindedness. And the Brutes were beingâ€|well, Brutes.

One Jackal in particular, on the north side of the base, spotted a blur of movement in the tree line. He raised his Beam Rifle, and scoped the area. Nothing.

"What's wrong Krak?" Asked another Jackal.

"I thought I saw something."

"You're eyes play tricks on you, there is nothing out- " He never finished his sentence as a bullet pierced his head, and killed him instantly. Krak stared at the corpse for a split second, and then was killed by a second bullet.

All around the camp, all the lookouts fell before shots to the head. These were followed by series of rocket volleys annihilating the defense turrets around the camp. This was again followed by a series of muffled shots, and gurgles of dieing breaths from the command tent. An invisible figure sprinted out of the tent, dropping explosives as he went. Two other invisible figures sprinted throughout the camp, again dropping explosives. In their wake was explosions, chaos, raining meat, and cries of agony.

Once they were two-hundred meters away from the camp, they decloaked, and attempted to lure the Covenant away from the camp, which went extremely well after the lower ranked Brutes rallied the troops and charged the Spartans, en masse. The ground trembled beneath their feet. As they neared to one-hundred meters, the trap sprung. Fifty tubes filled with napalm and shrapnel ignited, sending the entire forward flank on the Covenant into a massive Iron wall and Inferno.

Three seconds later, three dozen super Claymore mines detonated, sending another wall of metal into the oncoming Covenant force. This whittled the Covenant force down to six-hundred. The Spartans cloaked and sprinted into the forest. The remaining Covenant split into groups of no less than seven and searched the forest.

One of these groups, consisting of four Brutes, three Jackals, and four Drones were searching up a small stream.

"How much further must we search? My belly aches, I didn't get my morning meal today." Groaned one brute.

"I only got up a few units ago! I still can't see straight.." Mumbled another.

"Quiet! You two squabble like Jackals over fresh meat." Barked their commander, "You two should be more like those Drones. Single minded, and always obeying orders."

The Commander halted. He tilted his head u, sniffing the air.

"What is it?" Asked a Jackal.

"Something isn't right, I don't like it." He retrieved a plasma Grenade and held it tightly in his grip.

Off to their right, a twig snapped. Al of the swiveled to the direction of the twig. As they did so, a single figure appeared from the brush behind them, and fired three shots into the back of the commander's head. The commander dropped dead, and the remaining Covenant swiveled back, and fired. The Spartan rolled to his right, firing as he went. He took down the drones without trouble. The Jackals, however, were another story. The bullets pinged off their shields.

The Spartan grabbed his combat knife, and threw it through the small hole in the Jackal's shield, impaling the jackal in the chest. He then grabbed a frag grenade and tossed into the group. It exploded, and killed the Covenant who were standing there. The Spartan paused, and surveyed his deed.

He went to the Jackal and retrieved his combat knife. As he stood back up, there was pressure on the back of his helmet.

"Drop your weapons!" Growled the Brute.

The Spartan dropped his weapons on the ground.

"You're coming with me Demon."

"Are you sure about that?"

The Spartan quickly grabbed the cylindrical tube, and ignited the Human made, Energy Sword. He spun around, and sliced off the Brute's head. The headless corpse made a slight gurgle, before collapsing backward.

"Told ya."

He deactivated the sword, and clipped it back onto his belt. He

grabbed the rest of his weapons, and made his way back to their camp. When he arrived, the rest of Blue team was already there.

'What took you so long?" Asked Will.

"Another one of those incidents."

"I see." He glanced at the dark purple blood covering his armor.

A Burp of static came over their speakers, before Read Leader spoke, _
"Blue-team, sabotage complete, they won't know what hit
them." _

_ "Roger that Red Leader." _

_ "Meet us back at HQ." _

_ "Affirmative, Blue leader out." _

Will gave a quick glance at their camp, "Alright Spartans, pack the gear. We're headed out."

* * *

>ZR: Yay blood and gore! Hope the next chapter doesn't take as long.
Summer is almost here!
 _

9. Dreadnaught

Halo: Wrath of the Humans

Chapter nine: Dreadnaught

ZR: Those of you who love space battles. You'll love this chapter.

* * *

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As the ground battle raged; the space battle grew ever more hectic. Hundreds of single ships clashed between capital ships. The enemy Covenant ships were getting slaughtered by the combined force of the allies. On the other hand, the Vaygr ships were putting up a real fight for the Allies.

Captain Miranda Keyes, her once jet black hair now graying, cringed slightly as a Flak Frigate exploded into a miniature supernova off the port bow of the Battleship _Missouri_.

"Inbound Vaygr bombers!" Reported the AI, "Flak turrets targeting now."

The turrets targeted and tracked the single bomber squadron. The turrets opened up and smothered black clouds into the path of the squadron. One bomber made it through, firing a quartet of bombs before a panel on the nose ripped off and crashed through the cockpit. The ship, now with out pilot, veered off course and collided into a large section of deck from the Frigate. Four shudders reverberated through the bridge; Miranda had to hold onto her seat

tightly.

"Armor in sections five through seven down to one and a half meters. Minor breach on deck eight. Sealing now." Reported the Ops.

A single Vaygr Heavy missile Frigate passed directly in front of the ship, completely oblivious to it, and engaged a Destroyer. Miranda opened a COM with that particular destroyer.

"Captain Gudorf, looks like you could use some help."

"Anything is appreciated Keyes."

"Lock our Ion turrets onto that Frigate Matthias." She ordered the weapons officer.

All four ion cannons rotated and tracked the Frigate.

"Ion cannons locked on Ma'am!"

"Fire!"

Four blue lances of light sprang fourth from the cannons and ripped apart the hull of the frigate before it even fired a second salvo.

"Thanks for the help Miranda."

"Anytime Justuce."

"Ma'am, inbound Vaygr ship!" reported Lieutenant Douglas Stevens on navigation.

"What class?"

"Frigate ma'am. It's a Marine Frigate."

"Target all mass drivers; take it out before it unloads its troops!"

"Aye ma'am, targeting mass drivers." Answered Matthias.

The mass drivers swiveled, tracked, and fired on the Vaygr Marine Frigate, pelting it with twenty ton depleted uranium, tungsten carbide coated projectiles. This shell was both a "shredder" and armor piercing. Shortly the frigate began to trail smoke and vent atmosphere. It listed sickeningly to port. More rounds connected, and its running lights flickered and went out.

"Ma'am, a single pod launched!"

"What?"

"Pod connecting with the hull in twoâ€|one. Contact! Pod connected on deck A section fifteen!"

"Any personnel in there?"

"No Ma'am."

"Seal that section, then empty it Lieutenant Stevens."

"Gladly ma'am."

The left screen blipped and showed a dozen Vaygr marines within the section. Although the section was a vacuum, they still moved.

"Damn environment suits." She muttered, "Abaddon, activate defense turrets in that section."

"Yes ma'am." Replied the AI.

Three panels on the ceiling slip open. Each one had a .50 cal machinegun auto turret. The Marines quickly fired on the turrets, but were quickly mowed down.

"Enemy boarders neutralized, repressurizing deck section."

"Ma'am! A Covenant carrier launched its plasma torpedoes! They're inbound for us!"

"Transfer emergency thruster control to my station."

"Aye Ma'am, transferring controls."

"Target all ion cannons and mass drivers at the carrier, fire on my mark and not a moment before."

"Yes ma'am."

"Stevens, new course; zero-four-five degrees, declination zero-point-zero-nine degrees."

"Collision course! Plasma torpedoes at ten kilometers"

Miranda waited a heart beat, and then activated the port emergency thrusters. A loud BANG reverberated throughout the ship, and the ship lurched to starboard, throwing Miranda from her seat. As she returned to her seat, she thought if this would work. It only happened only once before. But that was before Reach, at Sigma Octanus. But then she remembered who pulled off the trick. And a wave of confidence came over her.

Stevens turned in his chair, "Captain, are you trying to pull off the loop?"

"Yes Stevens, that's exactly what I intend to do. Put the Aft camera on screen."

On the aft camera, the torpedoes flew straight past the Missouri. They slowly turned and began to follow the Battleship.

"Engines to 100 percent Stevens."

"Aye Ma'am. Torpedoes are matching our velocity. Now over taking us ma'am."

"Distance to Carrier"

"Thirty kilometers."

"New course. Declination zero-point-zero-two degrees."

"Aye Captain, declination zero-point-zero-two degrees."

"Captain, if you continue on this heading you'll-" started the AI.

"I know what I'm doing Abaddon." Snapped Miranda, "Just trust me."

"Carrier at five kilometers."

"Sound collision alarm. Alert all lower deck personnel to evacuate to the upper decks."

"Aye ma'am."

"Three Kilometers!"

"All hands brace for impact!"

The two shields scraped along each other, causing major vibration throughout the ship. All bridge crew clung to anything stable. As soon as it started, it stopped.

"Report!"

"No damage done to our hull. Shield at 57 percent."

"New course, Nine-zero by zero degrees. Bring us to a stop Stevens."

"Aye Ma'am. Coming to a stop. Now parallel to the carrier."

"Port camera."

The center screen blipped and showed the Carrier. Light began to appear in its later lines.

"Get ready to fire on my command."

The two plasma bolts streaked toward the Carrier, and impacted. The first one impacted the shields, and took them out. The second one made contact with the hull.

"Fire!"

The deck rumbled softly as all turrets fired upon the carrier. Its hull tore to shred by the sheer amount of damage. The torpedo burned out, and the carrier was left drifting in space.

"Incoming transmission from the _Guardian_, audio only."

"The rebel Covenant requires assistance. Their ships can't withstand the onslaught from the Vaygr weapons. Any ships in their vicinity immediately assist them. Nagumo out."

"Give me flank speed toward to rebel Covenant Stevens."

"Aye ma'am, Frigates _Impaler_, _Falcon_, _Tyrant_, and _Scepter_, along with the destroyers _Centurion_, _Dragon Fire_, _Grizzly_, and the Battle cruisers _Beowulf_, and O_rion_, are on the same vector as us. Wait a minute, additional ship, carrier force _Lucifer_ and _Genesis_ are inbound as well."

"Incoming transmission from the carrier force _Lucifer_."

"On screen."

"Battleship Missouri, this is Admiral Toban it is a pleasure fighting along side a qualified captain as you Captain Miranda Keyes."

"The pleasure is mine Admiral."

A tremendous vibration shook the bridge, nearly sending Miranda to the deck.

"What just hit us?"

"Vaygr destroyer! God damn missile barrage."

"Rotate the ship so we're pointing at the destroyer."

"Aye ma'am!"

The battleship rotated, its prow pointing at the Vaygr destroyer.

"Arm the MAC guns, a heavy round each."

"Aye ma'am. MAC capacitors at 50 percent, 75, 100 percent."

"Fire!"

Twin thunders and bolts of lightning spat from the ship and plowed their way to the Vaygr destroyer. The rounds impacted, the first one taking out the shields, and destroying the missile pods. The second one impacting the bridge and creating a five hundred meter wide hole through the ship. The ship began to spin erratically, pilotless.

"Return the ship to her original course."

"Aye ma'am. Vaygr ships in range! Two destroyers, five assault and heavy missile frigates, and one battle cruiser."

"Target the battle cruiser, target all mass drivers and Ion cannons at their bridge and engines."

"Aye ma'am, targeting. Ready to fire."

"Fire!"

Lances of vermillion light and mass driver rounds impacted the battle cruiser's shields, broke through, and destroyed the bridge and engines.

"Missile frigates turning to face us! They're firing a salvo!"

"Charge up the MAC guns, and give me emergency thruster control."

"Aye ma'am."

"Impact in ten seconds."

"MAC guns fully charged!"

"Five seconds to impact!"

Miranda waited three heart beats, and then fired the dorsal emergency thrusters. No collision.

"Missiles went off course; they're spinning out of control."

"MAC guns ready to fire ma'am."

"Fire!"

Twin bolts of lightning spat out toward the frigates. The first one bounced off the prow, and collided with the command tower, severing it from the ship. Both pieces collided with another frigate, and were locked in a death embrace. The second one collided with the first one, and hit the missile magazine. The resulting explosion sent molten fragments careening toward neighboring frigates.

"Incoming torpedoes, brace for impact!"

Several thuds reverberated through the hull.

"Report!"

"Shields down to thirty nine percent, still holding."

"Divert enough power from the engines to keep them online. Keep out ion cannons target on the frigates, and line up for another shot on the battle cruiser."

"Aye ma'am, lining up with the battle cruiser."

The ship rotated once again to face the battle cruiser.

"MAC is hot ma'am."

"Fire!"

Twin rumbles echoed through the ship as two white hot bolts shot from the bow. The first one struck the heavy missile battery, obliterating two-thirds of the tubes. The second struck the reactor compartment. The running lights flickered then went dead. Seconds later, explosions ripped through the hull, and the ship exploded. When the intense light faded, only scraps of the hull, and floating debris remained.

"Shields are back to 100 percent ma'am."

"Incoming torpedoes!"

Another series of shudders reverberated through the ship.

"Shields down to eighty nine percent."

"New course, zero-nine-zero, inclination zero-point-nine, engines to fifty percent. Spin us so our top and bottom face the sides of their ships."

"Ay ma'am, new course zero-nine-zero, inclination zero-point-nine, engines to fifty percent. Spinning the ship, aye."

"Target the frigates; do not fire until I say."

"Targeting the Frigates, aye. Awaiting your orders."

The Battleship made its way through the empty space between the ships, and through the cloud of debris left behind by the battle cruiser. The frigates however, were now occupied by the other ships firing on them, that was until the battle ship fired.

"Fire!"

* * *

>ZR: Heh, don't you just hate it when I do that? Summer is almost here, one more day of exams and I am outa school, until next year...BTW, I'm a senior next year. Yay me!

<p><p>

10. Calm Before

Wrath of the Humans: Chapter ten

Calm before

"Spartans, listen up!" Shouted 509, "Apparently the battle upstairs is going much better than we thought. So well, the invasion troops are pulling out."

Some Spartans relaxed slightly, knowing that this battle was over.

"However," many Spartans perked up at this, "Some people have decided to not let those bastards leave this planet alive. Now this may not be an easy mission. But that's how we like them!"

A few Spartans nodded.

'We'll split into four teams, "He uploaded the team roster and highlighted five Spartans, "Red team, you'll plant five TDBs throughout the base. Make sure they aren't found." He highlighted another Sixty-five Spartans, "Blue team will be the main attacking force. You'll strike through the forest to the north of their base. The forest isn't that dense, so you'll have no difficulty going through there." He highlighted another 20 Spartans, "Green Team will infiltrate the base, knock out the defensive structures, and join up with Blue team." He highlighted the rest; you'll be our Air support. Take the Dragonfly's, and Lancers." He paused. "And take the BEAST as

well."

OOC- A vehicle note before we continue. Please note that all vehicles posted here are not stolen from anyone else, any similarities between said vehicles and ones of my design are completely coincidental.

For assaults, there are four main types of vehicles, they are;

Jackrabbit: This is a single person reconnaissance vehicle. Its configuration is that of the Archaic Motorcycles, except for a few modifications. First off, it has twin .50 caliber machine guns mounted in front of the driver for defense purposes only. Second, the driver is surrounded by a shield, preventing the driver from small arms, for a while. Its sleek design allows it to move very fast, very quickly. It has a top speed of eighty miles per hour.

Cobra: This vehicle was based off the old Warthog design. It seats five, three passengers, one driver, and a gunner. The turret can be changed to house the traditional tri-barrel Gatling gun, a gauss cannon, or an anti-air missiles.

Predator: A six wheeled APC. A crew of three, Driver, Navigator, and Gunner. Armaments include, a 30mm cannon, and a .50 caliber machine gun. It carries twelve soldiers in relative comfort AKA just about as tight as sardines.

Grizzly: This is the newest MBT to roll out of the assembly line. And the most powerful. Sporting a 200mm cannon.AKA 20inch And two .50 caliber machine guns. Able to reach speeds of sixty five miles per hour. A crew of four, Driver, Gunner, secondary gunner, and Tank commander.

And now for our Air units;

Dragon Fly: The dragon fly is an advanced helicopter unit. A chin mounted comm. Cannon, four rocket pods, six air-to-air missiles, and eight air-to-ground missiles. A top speed of 241 km/h. And a ceiling of 3,000 feet. This nimble craft can zip across a battlefield much like the dragonfly back on earth.

Lancer: A strike fighter aircraft. Capable of reaching speeds of Mach 3. The super cruise is also standard. It is able to carry a payload of ten tons.

Beast: The Beast is, as the name implies, monstrous. Over 100 yards long, its design has similar looks to the old helium blimps used back in the 21st century. Instead of helium to keep it aloft, it uses anti-gravity pads in the underside of the ship. Massive cannons dot the hull of this ship, all are loaded automatically, so only one person is need to fire the guns. There are fifteen turrets, three guns each. They are designed for ground assaults. Ten anti-air batteries, five missile pods, and three guns each. The ship is lined with a meter of polarized Duranthium-A Starship grade armor. The polarization allows for greater resistance to the plasma weapons used by the Covenant, for they are shaped and propelled by magnetic fields. Capable of reaching 180km/h and a ceiling of 1,000 feet. It is able to literally hover over any given area, for any given time.

BACK TO THE STORY!

"I will command Red Team. Mathew will lead Blue team, Will will lead Green Team, and Bryan will command our Air support, any questions?"

None replied.

"Good, gather weapons, and ammo. Meet up with your team and move out. We'll start this OP in three hours."

"_Red leader to all leaders, move out! Red team first, followed by Green Team team, than Blue, then our air support. Green team will rendezvous with Blue team, same with Red team, when they've finished their objectives. Good luck."_

It was raining as Red team made their way through the dense forest to the east of the Covenant Evacuation base. The pitter-patter of the raindrops falling through the dense foliage was masking their approach. The lead Spartan, 777, nickname Lucky, stopped, and motioned for the team to halt and crouch down.

"Contact, Covenant patrol. Two Brutes and three drones."

"Alright team, spread out. Two of you, climb those trees, the rest of you, cloak up, cover your scent and switch your guns to silent."

Four acknowledgement lights winked on 509's HUD. Two Spartans slung their rifles, and nimbly climbed the trees without a sound. The rest grabbed scent masking sprays from their packs, and thoroughly sprayed themselves. They then stowed the sprays, and activated their camouflage, and flipped a switch on their guns, which would silence the gunshots.

The three on the ground took up positions and waited. It wasn't long before the patrol could be seen walking through the rain. The lead Brute was seen first, he was about five meters in front of the rest. A few coughs from the Spartans rifles were enough to bring him down. The rest of the patrol caught up, and examined the corpse. More coughs, and the rest of the patrol was killed.

"Lets keep moving, we need to get this done quickly."

The two Spartans who climbed the trees, jumped down from the foliage. They engaged their camouflage, and the entire squad double-timed through the forest.

Meanwhileâ€¦|

"Jason, watch out for that ditch!"

Jason, Spartan 395, swerved the Cobra to the right, to avoid the ditch that would've crippled their vehicle.

"Jesus Jason, keep your eyes ahead of you!"

"Yes ma'am."

"_Keep the formation tight Spartans. Thirty to enemy base. Keep your eyes peeled for contacts"_

"_Red leader to Blue Leader. Mission complete, rendezvous two miles south of your position."_

"_Affirmative Red leader, we'll meet you there."_

Blue leader, Spartan 656; Jamie, turned off the COM and looked over to her driver, who kept his eyes in front of him, watching for any hazards. She glanced at her passengers as well, all sitting in the seats, watching for enemies, or doing maintenance of their rifles. Their gunner, manning the gauss cannon, swept back and fourth across the formation. Although this was her first time in command, it was short lived, and non problematic. She mentally sighed, and settled back in her seat, waiting for when they met up with Red team.

End
file.